With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundried friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen. *Exunt.*
O thou whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

Enter the ghost of yoong Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the sixt, to Rich. &c.

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesburie, dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be chearful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed bodie,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower and me, dispaire and die.

Harrie

# of Richard t

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be t
Harrie that prophesied thou shou
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe,

Enter the Ghoast of Cl

Ghoast. Let me sit heauie in thy so
I that was washt to death with ful
Poore Clarence by thy guile bet
To morrow in the battaile thinke
And fall thy edgelesse sword; dispa

To Rich. Thou offspring of the
The wronged heires of Yorke d
Good angels guard thy battaile, li

Enter the ghoasts of Riuer

Riu. King. Let me sit heauie in thy
Riuers that died at Pomfret disp
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaugh
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and d
All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke
Will conquer him, awake and w

Enter the ghoasts of th

Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Cose
Let vs be laid within thy bosome
And weigh thee downe to ruine
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee

To Ri. Sleepe Richmond sleep
Good angels guard thee from th
Liue and beget a happie race of
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bi

Enter the ghoa

Ghoast. Bloudie and guiltie, g
And in a bloudie battaile end th
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispa

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled
Arme, fight and conquer for fai

Enter the Ghoast of

Richard thy wife, that wretche